

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Rose Marie Visits Cloud Castle

By Ada Escousse

It was a beautiful Saturday in May. Rose Marie wanted, above everything, to wander in the woods around her mountain home and gather great bunches of wild honeysuckle; and along the river banks the laurel and rhododendrons were blooming too, but no, she had to study her geography lesson first, her mother said.

Now Rose Marie thought she didn't know geography one bit. Her lesson was about Japan, a country that seemed very, very far away from the little Georgia mountain settlement where she lived, and she was not one bit interested in what her mother raised or did.

So on this particular Saturday Rose Marie took her Geography out to her favorite spot on the bluffs that formed Marshmand's "back fence." Here on the old settler made of unpeeled hickory shingles she could see the valley two thousand feet below. At that distance the houses, stores, and depot looked like specks.

Sometimes great clouds hung low over the valley, seeming to almost touch the bluffs where Rose Marie would be sitting. She liked watching these clouds, seeing pictures in them that no one else saw, making up stories about them. Sometimes they looked like great flocks of sheep being driven home by their shepherd; again they resembled huge ships, or castles, or queer giants and strange animals. It was an interesting, exciting time, and always Rose Marie hoped that some day, a big, white, fleecy cloud would come close enough that she might reach it. Oh, but wouldn't that be fun to romp and play in a cloud!

She opened her Geography to the lesson on Japan and tried hard to take her mind off the dash of pink honeysuckle she saw down on the slopes beneath the bluffs, and the fresh new greenness of the trees and bushes.

Over her head was a "sarvice" berry tree in bloom and the bees from her mother's hives were having a merry time about it. Their busy "hum, hum" sounded like the lullabies mother used to sing to

her before she got to be nine years old and studying geography.

A long freight train, rumbling lazily through the valley, made her eyes leave the book and gaze after it. "Looks no bigger than little Ted's toy train," she thought, watching it out of sight.



My Playmate

By GERTRUDE L. BELSER

Down by the lazy brooklet,
Beneath the poplar tree,
A teeny-weeny elfin man
Comes out to play with me.
I lie among the grasses;
He perches right near by;
And then we watch the leaves and clouds
Make patterns on the sky.

We watch the ants and beetles,
The bees and dragon-flies;
They have the loveliest colors,—
You'd scarce believe your eyes!
No one has seen my elf-man;
When someone else comes near,
No matter how he'd like to stay,
He has to disappear!

As the freight turned the curve a great cloud appeared, moving swiftly. It was low over the valley and coming very close to her. Excitedly Rose Marie stood up, for the cloud was shaped like a huge, many-turreted castle. Why it was actually going to touch the bluffs! Eagerly, lessons forgotten, she waited.

Like a great ship sliding into docks the immense cloud slipped along the bluffs.

Tentatively Rose Marie put one foot upon the cloud. Why it was firm! She placed the other foot upon it and began walking up what seemed a long lane, set in between high walls of cloud that were a beautiful shade of rose. After awhile she came to a garden where, in neat beds, bloomed all sorts of flowers. When she touched them she discovered they were made of clouds, having no fragrance.

At last she came to some large white steps that looked like marble. Up these steps went Rose Marie and across the wide porch. Just as she was about to knock at the door it was opened by a beautiful girl in a long white robe with a jewelled crown upon her golden hair.

"Why, good morning, Rose Marie! Have you come to see me? I am the Princess Cloudine of Cloud Castle."

She took Rose Marie by the hand and led her through the castle which was lovelier than anything the little girl had ever dreamed. There was a rose room, a blue room, a gold room, a violet room; all the lovely colors of the clouds at sunrise and sunset were there. The chairs, lounges and beds were so comfortable, for everything, you see, was made of clouds.

In the dining room a very black servant whom Princess Cloudine called "Night" served them some delicious-looking concoction of pink and white.

"Is it ice cream with whipped cream on top?" Rose Marie asked, looking at the tempting mound in her dish.

"No, this is cloud cream, dear," the Princess said, "and I am very sure you will like it much better than ice cream."

Rose Marie found it tasted heavenly and when the last bit was gone the Princess Cloudine said, "Now, we shall visit

some country. Where would you like to go, Rose Marie?"

Rose Marie thought a moment, then said, "I'd like to go to Japan because my geography lesson for Monday is about that country and I just can't remember it, but Japan is a long, long way off and mother would worry if I didn't come home for weeks and weeks. I think I had better go back home now, your — your Highness."

Cloudine laughed, "Oh, it will take but a few minutes, dear. This is a magic cloud. I promise that you'll be home before your mother misses you."

Rose Marie followed her into a big room which the Princess called her Observatory. Right in the center of the room was a queer-looking telescope and when Rose Marie looked through one end of it the earth seemed very close.

Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why we are in Japan now, Princess!" for below her were odd streets, queer squat houses, and out in a field were many little children in gayly embroidered kimonos and suits, sailing kites.

Never had Rose Marie seen so many kites, or such interesting kites! They were of every color and of every sort of fantastic shape.

Next she saw great beds of chrysanthemums, rivalling the kites in their gorgeous coloring.

"Over there are the rice fields, Rose Marie, and to your left, that is tea growing, just in front are spices and pepper. That big dash of color right there is poppy fields. You know a medicine is made of poppies which the doctors use to relieve pain. See that big building with the red roof? That is where most of your fireworks are made."

Many more things the Princess showed the interested little girl and at last Rose Marie cried, "Oh, this is much nicer than geography! I think Japan is the most interesting country in the world! Look at all the lovely fans in front of that shop, Princess!"

"Japan is interesting," Cloudine answered, "but there are other countries equally fascinating. Some day I will take you to Holland. You will like that country, I am sure. But now, I must take you home."

The Princess touched a button on the wall and the cloud castle stopped, turned about and went flying swiftly in the direction from which they had come.

"I thought clouds moved very slowly and that they melted," Rose Marie said.

"Ordinary clouds do," the Princess smiled, "but this is a magic, enchanted cloud. See, there are your bluffs already. Remember I shall come for you again. Watch out for the bump when you land. Good bye, g-o-o-d-b-y-e—"

"How can a cloud bump?" Rose Marie was about to ask when she did get a sudden "Bump!" then the sensation of being shaken severely.

"Wha-what—why, Laddie, You? She found that she was lying down upon the bluffs at the foot of the settee and Laddie, her big collie, had hold of her middy collar and was shaking her vigorously.

Rose Marie sat up, rubbed her eyes and looked at the sky. Low over the valley, moving rapidly away, was a great white cloud that was shaped like nothing else but a lovely turreted castle!

She put her arms around the dog's shaggy neck and looking into his eager brown eyes said, "Laddie, tell me. Did I go on that wonderful trip to Japan with Princess Cloudine, or didn't I?"

But Laddie only thumped his brown plumed tail several times which may have meant "yes," or "no." I can't say; what do you think?

The Cat and the Captain

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

CHAPTER IX

BEFORE going to bed at night the Captain always wrote in his log book. A log book is the diary of a ship at sea and the Captain pretended to himself that his house was a ship. He was more used to ships than houses.

"This day comes in fair with light westerly breeze" he wrote carefully.

At four bells, morning watch (which is the sea way of saying ten o'clock in the morning) boarded the *Lively Ann*. Found all ship-shape. Painted rail.

During the afternoon watch, some trouble in the galley (that referred to Susannah's chasing the Cat with a broom).

At eight bells, received on board the mate and cabin-boy of the brig *Garfield* (that was his daughter's married name). Tea for all hands.

At eight bells, evening watch, wind freshened, backed to N. E. Saw all serene for night.

So ends this day."

The Captain wished he could say how far the house had sailed, but he knew it had stayed in its own yard behind its white paling fence. The log book of a house is not half so exciting as a ship's. He sighed as he closed the book. Then he locked the door, looked at all the windows, wound the grandfather's clock and put the screen around the fire. The Cat still lay in his chair and made no move to come upstairs yet. He often waited until the embers were cool before he curled up on his rug in the Captain's room.

It didn't take the Captain long to get into bed. For that matter he didn't have a bed (because they never stir during the night) but a hammock that swung a little when he turned over and reminded him of the sea. He was so sleepy that he paid no attention when he saw the Cat come to his door, hesitate, and then instead of coming in as usual turn toward the spare chamber. He blew out the

candle, tumbled into his hammock, and was almost asleep when he heard something mew. He paid no attention.

"Mew, mew," went the Cat.

"Do let me go to sleep," said the Captain from his pillow.

"Mew! mew!" went the Cat.

The Captain pulled the blankets over his ears. He couldn't bear to be disturbed just now.

"Mew! mew! mew!" went the Cat and jumped on the hammock.

"Mew! mew!" went the Cat, scratching at the blankets.

"Well, well," said the Captain, getting wide awake at last, "whatever is this matter with you this evening?"

At that down jumped the Cat, ran to the door, ran back to the Captain again and then to the door. His hair was ruffled. His whiskers were nervously bristling. His eyes were green. The Captain, who had lighted his candle, saw that something was wrong. He put on his dressing gown and picked up his cane. Across the little hall went the Cat and into the spare chamber and up to the door of the clothes' closet.

"Mrow" went the Cat, looking very frightened, but brave.

The Captain opened the door very carefully—

And there hidden in the closet was the mate.

The Captain had quite a hard time before he finally got the mate tied up with the clothes-line Susannah brought. The Cat jumped up on the bureau to keep out of harm's way and Susannah in a yellow woolen night-dress stood in the doorway humming and singing and rolling her eyes until the Captain sent her for the police.

"He evidently had a grudge against you, Captain," said the policeman, "and was waiting for you to go to sleep. He must have got in through an upper window during the day. When the house was quiet and you were asleep he'd have come out and robbed you and maybe worse, too."

"I was almost asleep" said the Captain. "It was this cat here who saved us. He came into my room and made me wake up, and led me to this door. He must have heard or seen something after I went to bed."

Then everyone turned and looked at the Cat who was still sitting on the bureau and couldn't help feeling proud. Even Susannah knew at last that the Captain was right. This was a good cat, a very good cat. After what had happened, she could never be angry with him again. When Susannah begged anyone's pardon she did it thoroughly.

"I wants to 'pologize to yo' right here and now 'fo' all de people 'fo' dem mean things I done said about yo', honey," she said, shaking the Cat by the paw, and then she began rocking herself backwards and forwards in the way she had

when she was excited. And pretty soon she began singing:

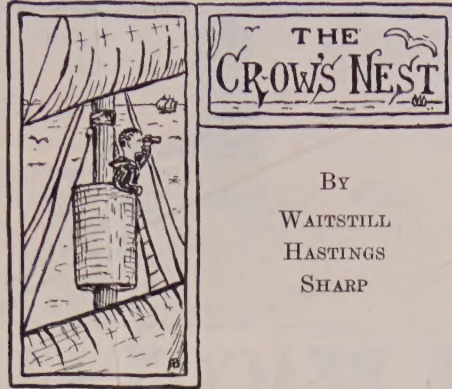
"Ev'ry li'l ol' cat's got his own li'l ways—
Praise be!
But who wouldn't put up with a li'l
cat's plays?
Praise be!
He's de finest best cat yo' ever did see
He done save de Captain an' he done
save me!
Praise be!
Hallelujah!"

"I always knew he was a good cat," said the Captain happily. The Cat jumped down and rubbed against Susannah's ankles to show that he, too, could forget any little misunderstandings. Then he looked at his friend the Captain as though asking for something, and ran to the top of the stairs. The excitement had made him hungry. "He wants something to eat," said the policeman who was just going to leave with his prisoner, but couldn't take his eyes off the cat.

"He can have anything he wants in this house," said the Captain starting for the stair.

Susannah didn't say anything, but before the Captain was half way down she had hurried to the ice box. And the beautiful long slice of white chicken meat she had put away as a special treat for herself went into the Cat's saucer.

THE END



BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Dear Sailors,

The year's long watch is over. Your lookout is coming down from The Crow's Nest. We'll pipe the crew aft and talk it all over on the quarterdeck before the good ship *Beacon* ties up for the summer and we go ashore.

What a voyage we've had together in these thirty-six issues of the *Beacon*! It is hard to write for 10,500 boys and girls, only a very few of whom I know. There are land lubbers in every good vessel; some don't even listen when the lookout shouts "Sail, ho!"; the others are like the lady from the small town who when she heard the lookout shout "Sail, ho!" called to the Captain, "Oh, Captain, I do hope we get there before they close out all the good bargains!"

But hard as it is to please all the folks all the time it is great fun *trying* to please them. I've had to watch for

good things to write you about; then I've had the fun of drawing my type-writer up between my knees and banging off the weekly word; then I've seen the *Beacons* going out to you like arrows shot into the air; and, last and best, now and then I've had a cheering letter or a good word when I've been on a visit to a church school. So from the time I hit upon a good idea to the time when some one else said it was a good idea, climbing up to The Crow's Nest has been fun.

And so the crew is going ashore for the summer. Just think of the 10,500 different kinds of summers we are all going to have! I am going to the Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and then sail from New York for a trip to Europe, where I shall keep eyes and ears open for new ideas. And you will be in camp, on the farm, in the mountains, by the sea and some of you in the city. But whatever you do or wherever you are, be sure you are wide-awake to all that makes these days so full of life and joy. Get a good tan—on your mind, too. Plan to come back from your vacation with as heavy a load of memories, new thoughts, new ways of doing things as you have duffle bags and camp stuff. Then when you walk into school you will have a tan that won't fade—or wash off. Then you will have grown and really lived.

Good bye until October 2d.

All ashore!

WAITSTILL SHARP.

A Pupil of Uncle Sam

BY PROCTOR LINCOLN

Over in Europe, wedged in between Germany, Austria, and Hungary in a curved-cucumber shape, is the republic, Czecho-Slovakia. Although the name sounds very Balkan, the United States has had much to do in founding this little power among the nations.

The late President Wilson might be called the godfather of this state for he aided in the selection of the boundary of Czecho-Slovakia at the Paris Peace Conference after the war.

It is probably not generally known, too, that the President of Czecho-Slovakia, Thomas G. Masaryek, declared the independence of his little country in Philadelphia's Independence Hall.

The basic principles upon which the United States has

grown to be the mighty nation it is today were incorporated in the constitution of the Czecho-Slovakian republic, making another tie between the two countries.

The influence of an American woman was shown very markedly in the early days of the Czech republic. The woman was the American wife of President Masaryek, formerly Miss Charlotte Garrigue of Brooklyn. She was a Uni-

tarian and President Masaryek was much influenced by her in his religious views. Dr. Masaryek was a speaker at the International Congress held in Boston in 1907. Mrs. Masaryek died in 1923, mourned by two nations.

The Czechs are workers and the little nation, feeling closely akin to big Uncle Sam, was the first to show progress in getting away from the mire of after-the-war sluggishness. The country had to establish a currency, organize city governments, found schools, but it was done rapidly and well.

The Bookshelf

Books suggested by Miss Elsie L. Lustig

I don't know when I have enjoyed a book as much as I have enjoyed reading *ONCE IN FRANCE*, by Marguerite Clement. To begin with, the jacket is very gay and shows a typical peasant scene in France — gala costumes and gala flags. Having always loved the little villages of France, I was intrigued at once. Then I opened the book, began to read, and was lost to the passage of time. Mlle. Clement tells us of the fascinating people who used to live in old France, the shepherdesses, squires, peasants, and patriots. The first story is of Anne of Brittany,

(Continued on page 156)



President Masaryek and his Son out for a Ride



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Club Members: We have come to the end of our happy year and now must say good-bye for the summer. Please write us about your vacation experiences and send your letters by the last of August so that they may appear in the first number for October. *Au revoir*.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

1130 POLK ST.,
TOPEKA, KAN.

Dear Editor: I found *The Beacon* in my English Class in the Topeka High School. I have been getting it ever since. I should like very much to belong to the Club, as I enjoy it very much.

Yours truly,

ROY R. STALONS.

8 TAKOMA AVE.,
TAKOMA PARK,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Editor: I am sorry to say that I have lost my pin. Will you kindly send me another? I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. The story I like best is "The Cat and the Captain." I am nine years old and should like someone to correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

ELEANOR DAWKINS.

66 FIFTH ST.,
DOVER, N. H.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin. May I have another?

I am eleven years of age and go to the Pierce Memorial (Universalist) Church.

I should like someone of my age to correspond with me.

Yours sincerely,

JANET M. COOK.

Other new members of our Club are Marion Mahn, Denver, Colo.; A. Lawrence Hall, Dover, N. H.; Nellie T. Jones, Tellico Plains, Tenn.; Helen E. Smindell, Barre, Mass.; John DeWolf, Duxbury, Mass.

The Bookshelf

(Continued from page 155)

and is called "That Beloved Duchess Anne," and tells how that great lady could not be cured by a miracle of her illness until she realized that she must be humble and cover her rich clothes with a dark robe before kneeling down to pray. One that is very amusing is called "Beware of the Chest." It tells of the marriage between a charming girl called Pernette and a rich scoundrel, Pistol. The scene is in Burgundy in the twelfth century. Well, Pistol was a great boss. He had already driven two wives to death by torturing them and teasing them and beating them. But he could not faze Pernette. She took all of his remarks in a charming spirit and never once lost her temper even though he insulted her in public. But one day she told him that he had had his way for a year; now it was her turn. He was greatly surprised that any one should have the courage to cross him, and when she started to get some of her wedding clothes from the big wedding chest he tried to stop her. But, alas, he lost his balance and fell in, and you may be sure that Pernette promptly shut the lid and there he was. You can imagine the rest of the story — how the neighbors came in and how they all teased poor Pistol who was pretty cross, though he was able to breathe through the knot-holes in the back of the chest. The whole book is full of stories and legends which have probably been told and retold many times in France. The illustrations by Germaine Denonain add a touch of real French charm.

THE WAR CHIEF by Elmer Russell Gregor goes back to the old Indian days in the west. The famous chief, Red Dog, and his people, the Cheyennes, pay a visit to their friends, the Ogalala Sioux; and together the two tribes set forth on a joint buffalo hunt. It is a wild and thrilling hunt, and many daring feats are performed by the reckless riders, especially by White Otter, a brave young chief of the Ogalala Sioux.

ONCE IN FRANCE. By Marguerite Clement. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The War Chief. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

This is a message to *Beacon* readers composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 3, 6 is made in summer.

My 13, 14, 12, 26, 22, 20, 13 is a heavy rain.

My 4, 1, 7, 13 is gone.

My 18, 19, 21, 20 is a cereal.

My 9, 17, 5 is a drawing.

My 15, 16, 25, 27 are busy insects.

My 24, 23, 10, 11 is a lady of dignity.

My 9, 8, 27, 13 is a word of command.

M. W. J.

Anagram Sentences

1. Ni oGd ew ttsur, cebesua ew oelv mih.
2. Het dorL si ym hdrepesh, I lashl otn twna.
3. Vleo hyt gbroiheh sa syflthe.
4. Nroho yht htread nad tyh rehtom.
5. Ti si ttebre ot vige ahtn ot cieever

ELMIRA JEWETT FIDDLEBAUM.

Brookline, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 34

Enigma.—All things work together for good to them that love God.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 35

Enigma.—Daniel Webster.

- Hidden Girls' Names.—1. Helen. 2. Lillian. 3. Catherine. 4. Elsie. 5. Leona. 6. Bertha. 7. Vera. 8. Opal. 9. Pearl. 10. Nora. 11. Amelia.

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